The Sketch

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SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD TO-DAY.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, *Heir-Presumptive to the Throne, is seventeen years old to-day, April 21. She will come of age when she is eighteen. Her birthday is being kept quietly, but the King and Queen gave a dance for her at Windsor Castle last month. Last week she carried out her first public engagement on her own. She spent the day with a tank battalion of her own regiment, the Grenadier Guards; and made a full inspection. Her Royal Highness is shown as a Sea Ranger.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY DOROTHY WILDING.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Little Lamb. There's a catch in it somewhere. All that the "official sources" are prepared to say is that it was the warmest March for fifteen years. In my cautious way, I go farther and assert that never within living memory has there been such a March—a perfect little lamb, without any hint of the lion about it. And an April, up to this moment of writing, *en suite*—but I won't guarantee that it will continue to be lamb-like by the time these lines appear in print. However, as far as it has gone, it has helped me to understand why poets yearn to be in England now that April's there, for in many an icy spring that has struck me as a strange and morbid urge. Of course, the farmers and gardeners were not satisfied, and went on mumbling about "rain being badly wanted," but then farmers and gardeners, from the time of the First Gardener in history, have never been satisfied. In fact, none of us is satisfied; it is a sad commentary not only on the British climate, but on human affairs in general, that to every "What a marvellous day!" there is tied a "Yes, we'll pay for this later on!" Looking out, as I am doing, on the blue of the sky, the gold of daffodils and forsythia, the flame of *Pirus aldermanensis*, and the green of young grass (and how am I ever going to cut it if it goes on thrusting like this?), I decline to entertain the unworthy thought of payment deferred.

Insular Customer: **"I want a map of Russia with the names spelt in English, please."**

DRAWN BY PITTS.

An Englishwoman's Home.

Not all these little queries of the future, however, can be brushed aside, and one which is worrying a good many correspondents in the Sunday Press is the future of domestic service. The first question, of course, is whether there is going to be any at all? In some countries, like America, Canada and Australia, it has for many years been dwindling almost to vanishing point. The machine and the gadget have not really solved the problem, because machines have a tiresome habit of going wrong, and labour-saving devices of creating more labour than they save. You can still sweep with half a broom, but you can only stand in furious impotence before an automatic broom which gets the sulks. Nor can the machine think of everything—for example, it has not coped satisfactorily with the most uncongenial of all domestic tasks, which is scrubbing. Beyond all this is the second poser which forward-looking women are putting—can a mother bring up a family and do all the housework at the same time?

Staff Work.

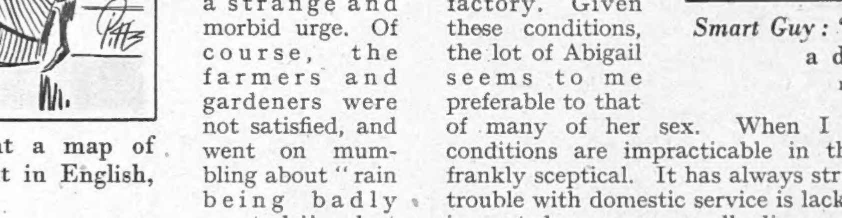
I wish I knew the answer; but not having tried the experiment, I cannot make any very helpful suggestion. Of one thing I feel little doubt—that the species of Victorian "skivvies" and "slavies" is extinct; and I cannot regret it. You will not get domestic labour without definite hours, decent quarters, proper holidays and wages which will compete in the open market with the shop and the factory. Given these conditions, the lot of Abigail seems to me preferable to that of many of her sex. When I am told that "economic" conditions are impracticable in the ordinary household, I am frankly sceptical. It has always struck me that a good deal of the trouble with domestic service is lack of simple organisation. Time is wasted on many small, dispersed jobs which surely could be more concentrated. We have all learned during this war to do a variety of routine things for ourselves which really take very little time, and we have also learned that, with a little trouble, we can avoid that constant domestic problem, "making work." Either we shall have to make less work or do it all ourselves. When we are all, in some degree, our own valets (as people are in most countries), perhaps we shall get rid of that "social stigma" which lives on from the "slavey" age, and gives the handmaiden an unnecessary inferiority complex.

Smart Guy: **"I can't say I care much for a dehydrated bath!"**

DRAWN BY MICHAELSON.

Two Things at Once.

But how the mothers are going to rock the cradle with one hand and rule the kitchen with the other, I confess I do not know. How, asks the future mother, am I to do this and remain an intelligent citizen—and also get a little fun out of my best years, as I think I am entitled to do? It is no use telling this perfectly reasonable questioner that the Victorian mother did it, because the Victorian



Explicit Inventor: **"You see the idea? Stranded dummy whales on the beaches disgorging Commando troops!"**

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

THE FACTORIES REQUIRE YOUR WASTE PAPER URGENTLY FOR SERVICE NEEDS.

mother had troops of servants at very little cost—and her husband was not paying 10s. in the £ income tax. It is even less use telling her that A Woman's Place is in the Home, because she has heard it before, and is apt to throw the fire-irons at you if you are rash enough to dwell on it. It is not tactful, either, to suggest that she adopt the Russian method and deposit the baby in a public *crèche.* She thinks (poor innocent !) that she can manage a baby better than a *crèche* can ; she may be less scientific in child-guidance, but she has an old-fashioned idea that a baby prefers mummy to mummery. She may be very modern, but she is strangely sentimental in this respect. In fact, she is quite unreasonable, and it is difficult to know how to satisfy her.

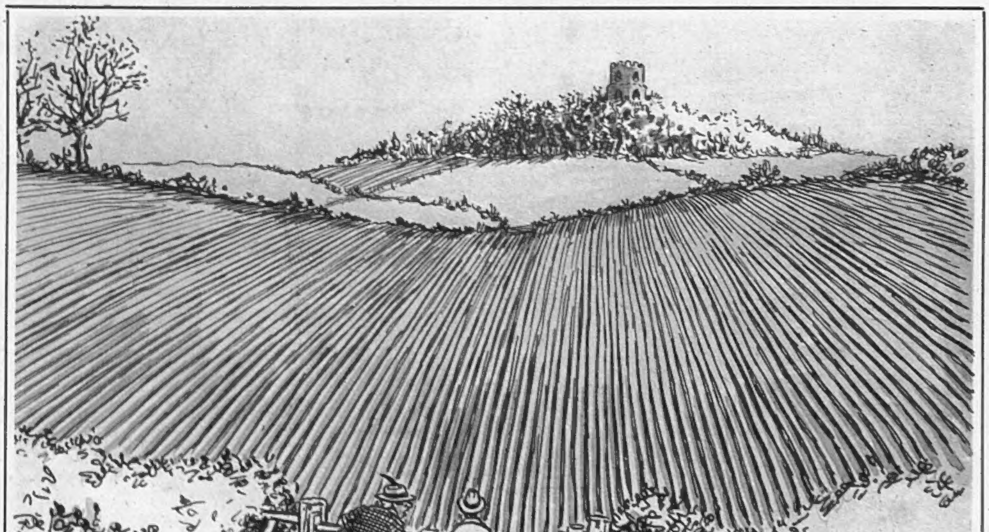
The Quiver. I am trying to put away the thought, because I do not like admitting it even to myself, that the only logical solution is for the husband to don the apron and enter into full domestic partnership. More improbable things have happened ; but, meanwhile, I am afraid I think that the prospects of the quiverful are not rosy. This is unfortunate, because all the experts tell us that if the quiver is not actively replenished, it will soon be empty. Even as things are, I understand that in another fifty years, and certainly within a century, practically everybody in England will be in the sere and yellow leaf. The entire population will be Bright Old Things in receipt of pensions—which is a bit of a headache for Sir William. The whole thing baffles me, because simultaneously I read that 1942 had the highest birthrate for ten years, almost the lowest death-rate on record, and the all-time-low in infant mortality. Nothing like a war, apparently, for the vitality of a nation ! I am also told by those who ought to know that the fashion in families has changed, and that the modern bride is all for a well-mixed half-dozen or so, and scorns the Empty Cradle or the One Ewe Lamb. I give it up. It all confirms what I have long suspected—that things never work out in quite the way that the experts have planned for them. It is very annoying of Things, but that is how they behave.

Jane : " You said you had a date with a lieutenant, but he's a captain ! "
Tardy Maud : " Well, I believe I'm a bit late ! "
DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

The Lady with the Gamp.

Amid all these domestic problems, I rejoice to see that one meritorious class of womanhood is at last getting something like its due. If Tweeny has had a raw deal, what sort of a deal has the Lady with the Lamp had ? In recent years there have been gradual, if inadequate, improvements in her lot, but there was a time, not so very long ago, when she was one of the most exploited (while at the same time one of the most indispensable) members of the community. She was half a ministering angel and half a domestic servant ; indeed, I have known nurses, highly qualified in all branches of their skilled profession, who all their lives have never earned more than an " upper " servant. It is at least something that in future the very title of " nurse " will be safeguarded, and that nobody will be able to use it who is not qualified for it. This is a knock-out for Mrs. Gamp, who was long overdue for superannuation, but all will rejoice that Nanny has been exempted from the ban. No member of her sex has earned more respect and gratitude ; none, in her vicarious maternity, has discharged a more self-sacrificing or a more frustrating task ; and she is certainly entitled, in her more awe-inspiring moments, to a more dignified title than " Nanny "—though it is as Nanny that she holds her place in our affections. Not always *at the time,* but the wiser among us learn to love her in retrospect—and it may be that sometimes distance lends enchantment to the view !

Quarantine. It is painful to think that the country which has supplied all the best Nannies—a country, too, noted for its canny caution—should sometimes burst into revolutionary suggestion. I referred recently to the blood-curdling proposal to move Eton bodily (including, no doubt, the battlefield of Waterloo) ; and now a Scottish judge, Lord Gibson, is proposing that the capital of Britain be moved from the banks of the Thames ! I understand his Lordship to intend only an " official " capital, where legislators and administrators could be segregated, as in Washington, Ottawa, Pretoria and Canberra. Well, I have no objection to that, and I think that the Faroe Islands would provide a very suitable *milieu* for a good many of them. " The space," observes this iconoclast, " occupied by the Houses of Parliament and the Government departments in London is urgently needed for business and commercial purposes." But surely, in the post-war world, all " business and commercial purposes " are to be Government departments ? They are practically so already, and I thought that that was to be an important attraction of the Brave New World.



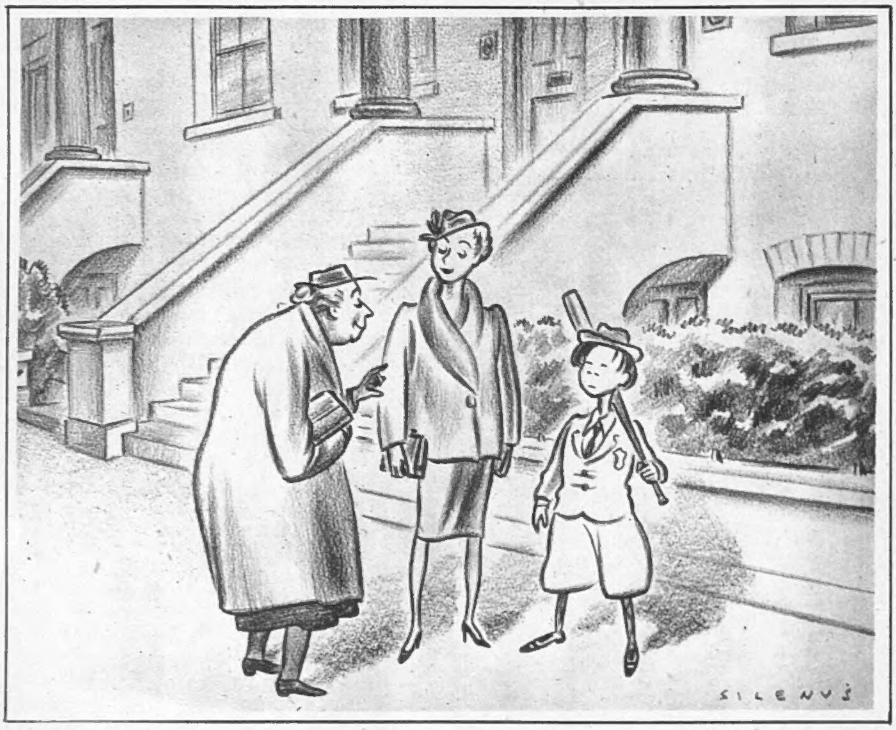
Squire's Wife : " Just like the Government, making them plough up this meadow. We got at least six pounds of mushrooms here last year ! "
DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

Britannia to Hogsnorton.

One of these days, beyond doubt, something will have

[Continued overleaf.

Continued.]
to be done about this overgrown metropolis. It already contains as many people as the entire Dominion of Canada, nearly twice the population of Australia, and about seven times the white population of South Africa. This is, I admit, out of all reason, and, if it goes on, the future population will have to burrow underground, as in a perpetual air-raid, since the disobliging sub-soil does not permit of New York's solution of scraping the sky. Again, it might be argued that if half Whitehall can be moved to (shall we say ?)



"And is this your little boy just back from America ?"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

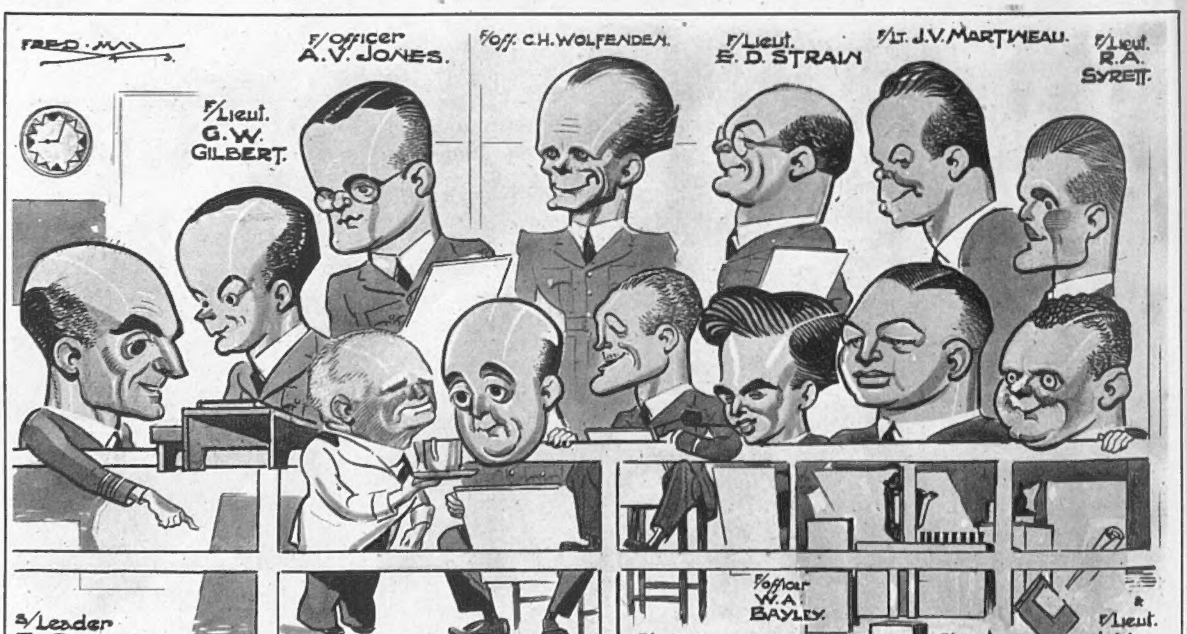
Dudnollan, there is no reason why all Westminster should not be moved to Hogsnorton. All very logical, but I foresee difficulties. The inhabitants of Hogsnorton ought certainly to be consulted; I am not at all sure of their reaction, though I *am* fairly sure of the response of their statesmanlike representative, the Right Worshipful Mr. Gillie Potter. Then there is the awkward question of a name. Lord Gibson suggests "Britannia." But that obviously means a seaside resort, and there is quite enough competition among them already in ruling the waves. In my opinion, Blackpool, celebrated for its initiative, would win hands down. I invite Lord Gibson to give this his earnest consideration.

A Point a Pint.

Should the new capital stray, quite accidentally, across the border, and should its name happen to be not Britannia, but, by some curious chance, Edinburgh, we should at least have some guarantee against the kind of fervour which crops up at Westminster every now and then. I may be wrong, but I don't think we should hear anything of "liquor on points." A point a pint! Is it not enough that the pint is already half-water, and that the whisky is already about a shilling a sip? The official objection, I understand, is the difficulty of distributing the points as between a half of mild-and-bitter, at one end of the scale, and a bottle of Bubbly, at the other end (which would be somewhere in the stratosphere). The dry-rotters might reply that this is no more difficult than the proportion between a tin of sardines and a whole canned Virginia ham. My objection is based not on mathematical, but on spiritual, not to say spiritous, reasons — reasons which I will leave Petty Officer Herbert to explain to Lady Astor, if need be. But even more than pointed liquor do I fear unpointed liquor. I presume that methylated spirits, paraffin, varnish and embrocation will not be on points. Frankly, I do not want to be reduced to these. Certain refreshments I have had lately are strangely reminiscent of them, and I do not desire to explore the avenues further. I will, however, do so rather than face the ultimate degradation of the Milk Bar.

Setting Fire to the Sun.

From these gratuitous horrors I turn to the comparatively mild exploits of the R.A.F. Berlin, Essen, Kiel, Paris, Antwerp—all these, and many others, are in the headlines, but apparently what people are really interested in is Vesuvius. It would seem that piling Pelion on Ossa is not half as much fun as throwing Ætna at Vesuvius. One Member of Parliament wants our biggest bomb dropped down the crater "to make a practical test as to whether the disturbances created thereby will give rise to severe earthquakes and eruptions." This is about as sensible a "practical test" as putting your hand in the kettle to see whether it is boiling. It seems to me as unwise to compete with a volcano at its own game as to challenge Jupiter to a game of thunderbolt-slinging. However, I doubt whether Vesuvius would be even annoyed; it would just laugh. My impression is that the entire bombage of the warring nations cannot compete with the munition resources of Vesuvius, which are really the munition resources of the primordial sun. The geologists support that opinion. What does surprise me is that so many people (to judge by the papers) can be interested in this really futile inquiry.



Celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the ROYAL AIR FORCE, *which on April 1 1918 united the R.F.C. and the R.N.A.S. into one indomitable force, our artist hied him to a Command H.Q. and drew some of the younger element who maintain efficiency and progress in the air. These drawings include representatives of Air Ministry, Coastal Command, and Command "Intelligence." "Ben" is a landmark of the Mess, and a loyal steward.*

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

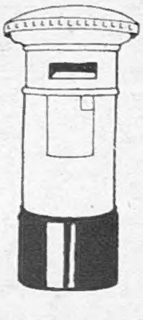
The sixty-first of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

"AND HERE IS CORPORAL BASHAM OF THE COMMANDOS TO RECITE 'DAFFODIL TIME.'"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—An awful thing has happened. That man, Dan Bindon, whom Faith used to be so fond of and who was safely tucked away as a prisoner of war in Italy, has been repatriated. The Conductor is in a terrible state, and so is everyone else for that matter, for we have all taken such a keen interest in this affair that to have our hopes dashed, practically at the altar steps, has shaken us a good deal.

Faith has been invalided out of the W.A.A.F.s with a patch on her lung, but she looks the picture of health, and Charles says fresh air and rest will soon put her right. As soon as she heard about Dan she rushed up to London to have the bleached streak put back into her hair. Everybody took this as a very serious sign. People are trying to be extra nice to the Conductor, and he is getting so many scraps for the Ducks that he has to dig some of them into the garden for manure. Faith is living at the Hotel, because she has no servants and is not yet considered strong enough to do the work of the house alone. She says the other guests at the Hotel depress her and she wants to get home as soon as she can. The Conductor, turning the knife in the wound, has offered to go and live in the house and do all boots, knives, fires, washing-up, sweeping and dusting.

"To have the bleached streak put back into her hair."

"You can't do that, Conductor dear," said Lady B., to whom he flies at all hours of the day and night for comfort and advice, and whom he had tracked to our house that evening.

"I can," said the Conductor eagerly. "I could easily fit the Ducks in before breakfast, and perhaps later on, if darling Faith doesn't mind, I could take them round to her place. They 'd miss their Puddle-Slush, of course, but there 's that nice little stream. I expect they 'd get to like it just as well in time. Clara is the only one I 'm anxious about—she 's such a Home Bird."

"What I meant," said Lady B., "was that people would Talk."

"*Talk?*" said he bitterly. "There's no reason for Talk now."

"That wouldn't stop them talking," said Lady B.

"I don't mind if they do," said the Conductor.

"Faith would," said Lady B. "She 's very conventional."

The Conductor looked at her haggardly. "What 's this Dan like?" he said.

"Awful—but fascinating," said Lady B. "Isn't he, Henrietta?", and I nodded, for indeed he is.

"What I feel is that if I went and stayed in the house and helped, darling Faith might feel she couldn't possibly get on without me," said the Conductor.

"She might," said Lady B. doubtfully, "but she probably wouldn't. Dog-like devotion doesn't really appeal to women. They like a bit of dash."

The Conductor sighed. "I have never been able to dash," he said. "Not even at mixed hockey."

"Well, it 's time you began," said Lady B. "Knock her down and jump on her face." The Conductor uttered a little cry. "I am speaking metaphorically," she added. "Remember, she practically promised to marry you the day you made her jealous by calling one of your ducks Henrietta."

The Conductor turned mournful eyes on me. "Henrietta, will you let me pretend to make love to you?" he said, without enthusiasm.

"Honestly, Conductor darling, I haven't time," I said. "I would otherwise, though I consider mine would be an uninspiring rôle."

"Nonsense, Henrietta," said Lady B. "There 's always time to make another woman jealous."

"Well, of course, if the Conductor likes to come round and hold one hand while I scrub the sink with the other——"

Lady B. jumped to her feet. "I 've got it!" she cried. "The Conductor must help you in the house instead of helping Faith."

The Conductor looked doubtful. "It isn't that I don't want to help you, Henrietta," he said, "but there 's absolutely nowhere in your garden for the Ducks, and they do get so moody if I 'm away from them all day. Besides, I don't like to think of darling Faith spoiling her hands."

"Nice hands are a peacetime luxury," I said sharply, and the Conductor said he was afraid all my hard work was making me bitter. Then he hurried away to give the Ducks their supper.

"'There 's a most awful smell of burning in the kitchen.'"

"Why don't you go for a holiday?" said Lady B. "I 've told you I 'll come and look after Charles."

"Darling Lady B., how could I enjoy myself, thinking of you running up and down stairs with your Heart? Let 's pretend I 'm going to have a holiday."

Lady B. settled herself comfortably in her chair, for she has a passion for this silly game. "You have a week in London," she said. "Go on."

I sank down on the sofa. "Before I leave, I have my hands done, then I have my face done, and then I have my hair done. By the way, is the war still on?"

"No clothing coupons, if that 's what you mean," said Lady B.—"In that case I buy myself some exquisite underclothes and a dinner-dress with a slight train."

"What colour?"

"Grey."

"*Grey?*" said Lady B. "Would it suit you?"

"You must let me have grey. I 've a craving to wear it."

"All right. Go on."

"At Waterloo he is waiting to meet the train. His first words are, 'How lovely you look.'"

"You *are* having a good time, Henrietta," said Lady B. "Who is he?"

"A sailor. An Admiral, as a matter of fact."

"Golly!"

"The war is only just over, for he is still wearing his uniform. He has lately been decorated with a bar to his D.S.O. and the Victoria Cross. His eyes are blue and have That Look in them."

"What look?"

"The Look of the Sea."

"I thought you meant Luv," said Lady B.

"This is a perfectly innocent evening's fun," I said.

"Oh," said Lady B. in a disappointed voice. "Go on."

"My room at the Hotel——"

"What hotel?" said Lady B., who likes to have every detail clear in her mind.

"The Savoy."

"That dates you."

"My room at the Hotel,' I said coldly, "is a bower of flowers. Then I go down and have tea and meet several old friends, who all tell me I am looking well and distinctly fatter."

"'What 's this Dan like?'"

"What have you done with your Admiral?"

"I am meeting him for drinks at seven. Then I go upstairs and have a bath and change into the dinner-dress, which is even lovelier than I thought. London is a blaze of light. The Theatres have gone back to normal times. We dine early, for we are going to a play. It is 'A Month in the Country,' for he is a highbrow Admiral."

"Unusual," said Lady B.

"At dinner we have champagne——"

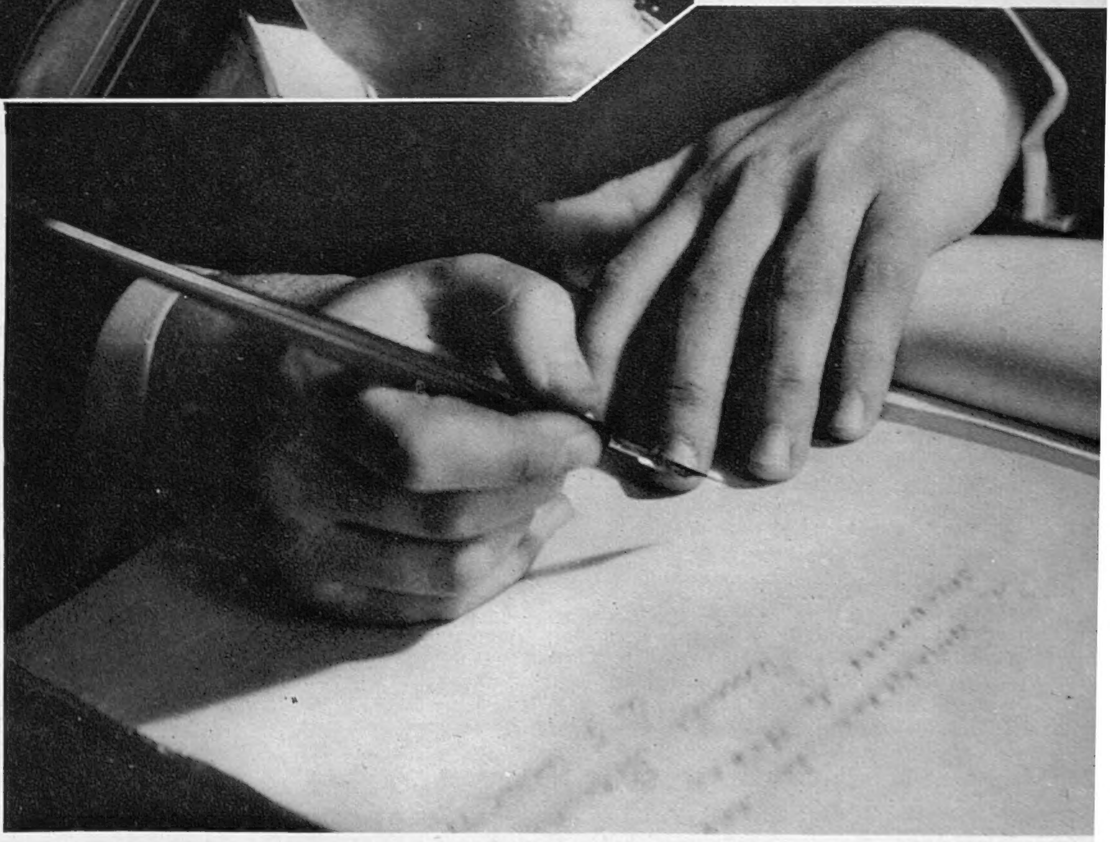
The door opened and Charles poked his head in. "I say, Henrietta," he said, "there 's a most awful smell of burning in the kitchen. I think it 's the potatoes."

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

MATCHLESS VIOLINIST MENUHIN AND HIS HANDS.

Continued.] Francisco, Paris, Rumania and Basle. He began playing the violin at the age of four. At seven he appeared as soloist with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra; made his New York début at nine: and at thirteen his London début with orchestra in the Queen's Hall and in recital at the Royal Albert Hall. His scholarly and original researches have brought to popularity and saved to us many rare and important works of classical and modern masters, among them Schumann's famous "Lost" concerto and Mozart's "Adelaide" concerto. Recently Mr. Menuhin made his first appearance in a film—as himself. He recorded two pieces for *Stage Door Canteen*, a film full of stars.

SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY GERMAINE KANOVA.



ON April 7 we took off our hat to YEHUDI MENUHIN for coming over from New York to give a series of concerts and making £20,000 in box-office receipts, all for charities. The sum later rose to nearly £30,000. His admirers have presented him with a silver salver inscribed: "To Yehudi Menuhin as a mark of gratitude and appreciation for voluntarily coming to England during the great war to devote his incomparable art to charity." In America in a little over a year he raised through benefit concerts over $70,000 for the cause of war victims and refugees. Mr. Menuhin was born in New York in 1916; was educated privately in San

[*Continued above.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

SINCE human nature is always intrigued by a biography, and never more intrigued than by the very private biography of a very public man, the screen obituary was not exhausted when Orson Welles made "Citizen Kane." Much the same cinematic pattern has been followed by the producers of the new film at the Empire, "KEEPER OF THE FLAME." If the piece isn't quite the towering achievement of the Welles biography, it does manage to be a pretty exciting and effective picture.

"Keeper of the Flame," like "Citizen Kane," starts with the death of a famous national figure. The dead citizen this time is one Robert Forrest, hero and philanthropist, founder of the Forward America Association, leader of the Robert Forrest Boys' Army, the man who "stood for all that is noblest and finest in democracy."

As the story opens, Citizen Forrest crashes to his death in a motor-car over a broken bridge. Banner-heads in all the newspapers scream the tragedy. Editorials speak of his "simple, Lincoln - like qualities." Young people from all over the country bring flowers for his grave. The whole of America, it seems, attends his funeral.

Amongst the Press-men waiting in the rain is special correspondent Steven O'Malley (Spencer Tracy), just back from Europe and newly picking up the threads of American life. Something about the set-up—the too-black blackness of the widow's weeds, the over-efficiency of the efficient secretary, the extra watchfulness of the watchman at the gate—something in the atmosphere of the funeral strikes him as out of true. What was the real story of Robert Forrest's life? Where did he come from? Why did he die? What was the private character of this fantastically public man? O'Malley determines to investigate.

After a good deal of difficulty he manages to get into the ornate Forrest mansion behind the high, locked gates. He meets the Forrest widow (Katharine Hepburn). He meets the Forrest secretary (Richard Whorf). He meets the Forrest doctor (Frank Craven). He meets, although he is not intended to meet, the Forrest mother (Margaret Wycherly). In the end, he gets the true story of Robert Forrest. But he doesn't print it. And, since the mounting suspense of the investigation is the film's great asset, neither shall I.

The end of "Keeper of the Flame" is distinguished by one of the longest speeches ever delivered by anyone, man or boy, since motion pictures learnt to talk. Miss Hepburn delivers it, and manages to give it a variation of style that doesn't let it seem that long. Mr. Tracy's rôle is the sort of thing an actor of his experience might play in his sleep, and many a lesser actor would have done. That isn't Mr. Tracy's way, though. Like Muni, like Cagney, and a very few others, he is at as much pains with the routine characters as he is with the absorbing ones, and there seldom was a part yet but was richer for what he put into it.

The war has given us films about the Air Force, the Army, and the Navy. To the A.T.S. goes the distinction of being the first Women's Service to have a full-length film dedicated to its activities.

"THE GENTLE SEX" (Odeon) is the story of seven girls, with different backgrounds, different codes, different types of upbringing, who join the A.T.S. on the same day, and find a common understanding in the rigours, humours and ideals of service. The film begins, with a nice touch of delicate irony, with a cross-stitch sampler: "1838," we read, "The Gentle Sex. In whatever station in life a woman is placed, a spirit of modesty, humility, obedience and submission will always be required of her." From this we pass to a busy modern railway station. In the foreground, leaning over a high bridge, is the back of a man. The man speaks. If quick eyes fail to discern that this is Leslie Howard's back, the dullest ears will promptly identify the voice as Leslie Howard's voice. "Women all over the place," he says, looking down at the station. "What do they think they're doing? Let's swoop down and take a look at them."

This is Mr. Howard's only appearance in the film. For the rest of the time he is merely a Voice on the sound-track, questioning, philosophising, moving the story on by interpolative comments. It is a happy way, I think, of controlling a picture that is part documentary, part fiction. Mr. Howard has a felicity of style that is all his own; a style that invites confidence, that persuades the listener to an interest in his interests, that disarms the critic with sudden, gentle shafts of humour.

"The Gentle Sex" has little story, as stories go. Nothing very exciting, nothing tremendously terrible happens to the seven girls. Although they take their share of air raids, working with the guns, driving heavy lorries through the night, none of them is killed or even wounded. One girl, it is true (Joyce Howard), has a brief, ill-fated love-affair with an R.A.F. pilot, and another (Rosamund John) finds a fiery Highlander with whom she will presumably settle down some day and raise a family. But most of the film is simply an account—sometimes touching, often comic, and nearly always convincing—of the small, daily occurrences that make up the training and work of the girls in the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

The early scenes were shot in a real A.T.S. Training Camp somewhere in the south of England, and Service girls will find themselves cajoled to laughter and reminiscence by many familiar touches. Besides Miss Howard and Miss John, the leading parts are played by Lilli Palmer, Jean Gillie, Joan Gates, Joan Greenwood and Barbara Waring, and it is something of a triumph for the picture that, where appearances are often so similar, characters have been so sharply differentiated. Mere men who wander into the cast are John Justin, as the R.A.F. pilot, John Laurie as the Highlander, and Jimmy Hanley as a Commando who is a mere incident in the lives of the heroines, but a lively asset to the film.

I have always admired the functional simplicity of the film producers, who indicate, by burning up the credit titles in flames, or rolling them off on newspaper presses, or flashing them

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

**Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

***Aldwych: "WATCH ON THE RHINE." Diana Wynyard, Anton Walbrook, Athene Seyler, Margaretta Scott. Anti-Nazis in the U.S.A.

*Ambassadors: "A LITTLE BIT OF FLUFF." Revival with Henry Kendall, Chili Bouchier, Olga Lindo.

***Apollo: "FLARE PATH." R.A.F. "ops." Adrianne Allen.

**Cambridge: "HEARTBREAK HOUSE." Revival—Robert Donat, Edith Evans, Isabel Jeans, Deborah Kerr.

*Coliseum: "IT'S FOOLISH, BUT IT'S FUN." Revue with Nervo and Knox.

**Comedy: "MURDER WITHOUT CRIME." Raymond Lovell and an excellent cast.

***Duchess: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward's play. Kay Hammond, Cecil Parker.

*Garrick: "BRIGHTON ROCK." Graham Greene's novel dramatised, with Hermione Baddeley.

**Hippodrome: "LET'S FACE IT." Bobby Howes, Pat Kirkwood, Joyce Barbour. Cole Porter music.

*Lyric: "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS." Revival with Irene Vanbrugh, Nicholas Hannen, Barbara Mullen, John Stuart.

**New: BALLET. Robert Helpmann, Margot Fonteyn and the Sadler's Wells Ballet. Conductor Constant Lambert.

**Palace: "FULL SWING." Cicely Courtneidge and Jack Hulbert at their best.

**Palladium: "BEST BIB AND TUCKER." Tommy Trinder and Co. again.

*Phœnix: "LOVE FOR LOVE." Congreve comedy with John Gielgud, Yvonne Arnaud, Angela Baddeley, Leon Quartermaine.

*Piccadilly: "SLEEPING OUT." Farce. Gene Gerrard, Ellen Pollock, Gus McNaughton.

**Prince of Wales: "STRIKE A NEW NOTE." George Black's new revue, with the rising generation.

*Princes: "OLD CHELSEA." Richard Tauber; Carole Lynne; Charles Hawtrey; in romantic musical.

**St. James': "A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY." Turgenev comedy perfectly done, with Michael Redgrave, Valerie Taylor, Ronald Squire.

**St. Martin's: "CLAUDIA." Pamela Brown and Hugh Sinclair on an American farm.

**Saville: "JUNIOR MISS." Comedy with the accent on youth. Joan White, Peggy Cummins.

***Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

**Strand: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE." Witty, murderous farce. Lilian Braithwaite, Mary Jerrold, Naunton Wayne, Frank Pettingell, Edmund Willard.

*Vaudeville: "MEN IN SHADOW." Sabotage in France. Michael Wilding.

*Westminster: "HEDDA GABLER." Ibsen revival with Sonia Dresdel and Walter Hudd.

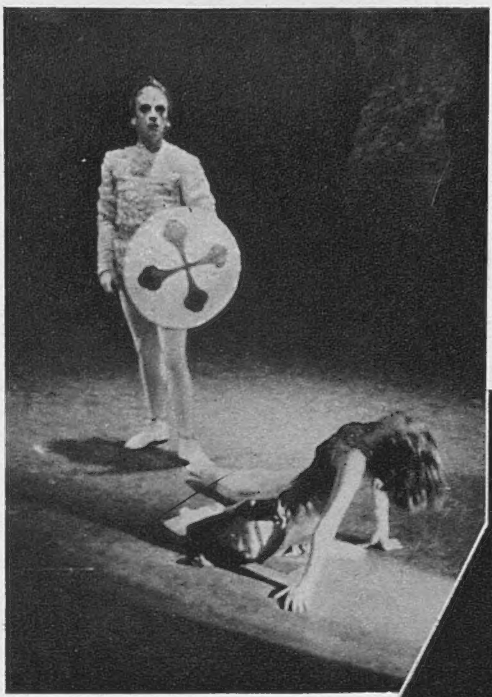
*Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

in neons along the Great White Way, just what one may expect of the contents of the picture. The latest example of titular ingenuity is "NO TIME FOR LOVE" (Plaza). Here the opening credits are developed in photographic hypo, a device which not only amuses the amiable spectator, but suggests, without ambiguity, that somebody is a photographer in the film.

The photographer proves to be actually a photographess, Miss Claudette Colbert. She works for a glossy publication known as "Mirror Magazine." As "one of the foremost women photographers in America" she can afford to be highbrow. She scorns pictures involving leg appeal. To her the height of artistic challenge is a single egg, bedded in black velvet. Her line is "geometric patterns with lights and shadows."

An artist of this high calibre is obviously riding for a fall of some kind. Miss Colbert's fall comes when she is sent to photograph a tunnel project under New York's East River. The brawn behind the tunnel-digging is Mr. Fred MacMurray, stripped to the waist and picturesquely muddied. Miss Colbert reacts strongly to Mr. MacMurray's torso. She describes him as "the nearest thing to primordial man" she has ever encountered. "I have a chair at home," she tells him feverishly, "with ten times more quality and character than you have. That chair has grace. It has quiet dignity and beauty." She hates him, you see. She despises him. She dreams about him. After a film that isn't quite as funny or as distinguished as it might be, she gets him.



The theme of the new Sadler's Wells ballet, "The Quest," at the New Theatre, is taken from Spenser's "Faerie Queene." In essentials it illustrates the campaign of St. George of England against a small army of Sins, and has the quality of a miracle play in modern terms. Here ROBERT HELPMANN *as St. George is victor over Duessa, or Falsehood* (BERYL GREY).

Starring TOMMY TRINDER *and James Mason, "The Bells Go Down" (London Pavilion) has been made with the co-operation of the National Fire Service. It is a tribute to those men and women who showed their devotion to duty during the air raids of 1940. Here Tommy Trinder and his mates Bob and Sam* (PHILIP FRIEND *and* MERVYN JOHNS) *and another* FIREMAN *are getting ready to go "on the job."*

If you are tired of war films, propaganda films, portentous films, or just films, you will find entertainment of quite a different type at the Tatler, where they are showing "THE LITTLE HUMP-BACK HORSE." This is a Russian fairy tale, made a couple of years ago in the Children's Studio, Moscow. In many ways it goes right back to the days when a film was still an adventure into magic, when the camera was a magician who could do amazing things with time and space, and when things were, maybe, a little simpler, and we were all a little more easily pleased and entertained than we are now.

It is the first colour film we have seen from Russia, and very interesting it is. It hasn't the glossy sophistication of the Hollywood Technicolor, but much of it is strangely lovely; all of it is a little surprising, with its apparent base of sea-greens, and its warm undertones of tangerine and russet and pastel blue

The story is age-old; for all its Russian folk-lore setting, a variant of one of the fairy tales we all knew long ago. In a land far away, beyond great mountains and huge seas, rules a Tsar, nearly 100 years old, whose minstrels have told him of the wondrous beauty of Princess Silver Morning, daughter of the Silver Moon, who lives where earth joins sky beyond the sunrise.

The final triumph of virtue over vice in the "House of Holiness" finds St. George kneeling with Una, or Truth (MARGOT FONTEYN) *surrounded by Faith* (JULIA FARRON), *Hope* (MOYRA FRASER) *and Charity* (JEAN BEDELLS) *and their attendants. The music of this attractive ballet is by William Walton, with Frederick Ashton the choregrapher, and décor and costumes by John Piper. Constant Lambert conducts. Proceeds from the first performance went to Lady Cripps's Aid to China Fund.*

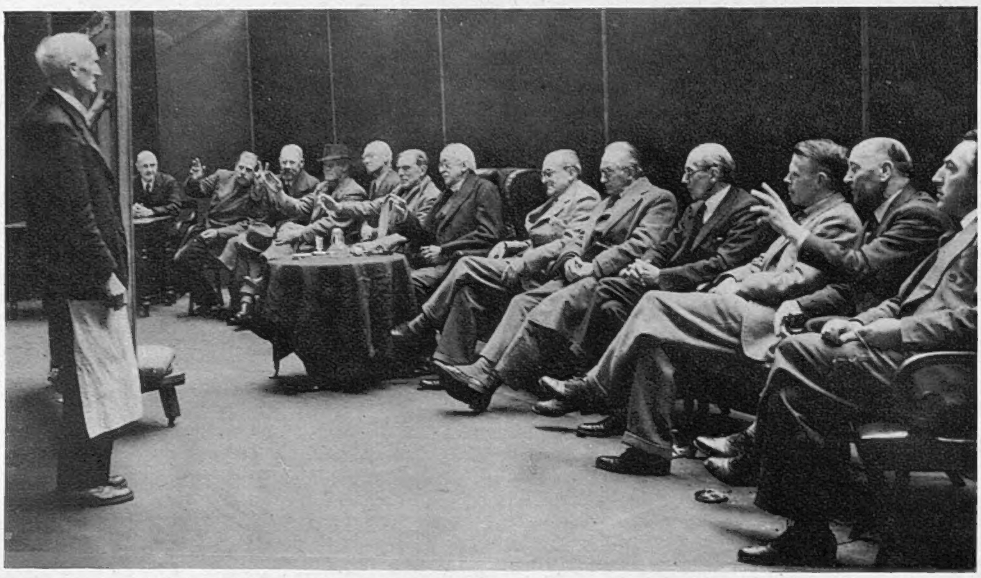
The old Tsar takes fire, desires her hand in marriage and offers a rich reward to the one who finds her.

Young Ivan, a shepherd, fancies he can do so, and sets out on a magic horse—a little humpbacked horse—on a journey that is beset with many perils. He goes to the Moon. He adventures to the bottom of the sea. He finds Silver Morning, and takes her to the courts of the Tsar. There, in true fairy-tale fashion, the old Tsar over-reaches himself, and does himself to death in a cauldron of boiling milk into which he had purposed to kill Ivan, while the young shepherd and the Princess are married and live happily ever afterwards.

The "local" has been blitzed. MERIEL FORBES *as Susie is telling a fireman to go down and look for Ma and Pa Robbins, who, she is sure, are down in the cellar.*

"The Little Humpback Horse" is the perfect escape from the world of to-day, and you will find it a pleasant enough way of spending an hour, especially if you are interested in the way other countries find their special magic. Just so that you shan't forget the war, the Tatler is also showing "69TH PARALLEL." This is a leisurely and overlong account of the way the Soviet forces are keeping open the route to Murmansk. But it is not without interest, for it shows the incredible challenge of this task of guarding the sea-route from the West, under conditions that few laymen and landlubbers have realised.

WAR, WORK, PLAY AND



The ROYAL ACADEMY SELECTION COMMITTEE *were snapped at work deciding the fate of pictures submitted for this year's show. They are (l. to r.)* SIR WALTER LAMB, *Secretary;* R. O. DUNLOP, A.R.A.; S. J. LAMORNA BIRCH, R.A.; H. RUSHBURG, R.A.; W. RUSSELL FLINT, R.A.; L. CAMPBELL TAYLOR, R.A.; SIR EDWIN LUTYENS; G. F. KELLY, R.A.; S. ANDERSON, R.A.; W. CURTIS GREEN, R.A.; G. LEDWARD, R.A.; SIR WILLIAM REID DICK, R.A., *and* A. F. HARDIMAN, R.A. *The particular work they are considering seems to have inspired some to give the "V" sign!*

The HON. PETER BECKFORD R. VANNECK, R.N., *younge son of Lord and Lady Huntingfield, married* MISS COR- DELIA ERRINGTON, *younger daughter of Commander an Mrs. R. H. Errington, Tostock Old Hall, Bury S Edmunds, at St. Margaret's.*

Left: MISS DAPHNE DUCAT, *daughter of the famous cricketer and Soccer player, married* P./O. JACK COWDEROY, *son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Cowderoy, last week.*

GENERAL MONTGOMERY *is unfolding part of his plan to drive the Axis out of Africa. "Monty" himself stands by the map, while his generals listen to his exposition.*

MME. LEE MONG *was model for this fine Epstein bronze bust, "Precio Jewel," which is on view at the "Artists Aid China" Exhibition at Hertfo House, Manchester Square.*

ROMANCE: PEOPLE OF THE WEEK.

These members of the W.A.A.F. were members of the cast of "1066 and All That," produced at an R.A.F. Station by members of the R.A.F. and W.A.A.F.

FLIGHT SERGEANT R. CLEGG *and* L.A.C.W. D. FLOWERS *appeared as William the Conqueror and Queen Matilda in the R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. production of "1066 and All That."*

A/S/O. ANNETTE S. EVILL, W.A.A.F., *is the elder daughter of Air Marshal Sir Douglas Evill, K.C.B., who has just been appointed Vice-Chief of the Air Staff.*

MRS. JAMES V. FORRESTAL, *Civilian Adviser to the "Waves," and wife of the Under-Secretary of the U.S. Navy, has come to England to study the W.R.N.S.*

MISS INGRID BERGMAN *wears this amusing bustle dress as Cleo in the forthcoming film version of "Saratoga Trunk," Edna Ferber's novel.*

MISS TONI LUPINO, *twenty-one-year-old daughter of actor Barry Lupino, married* SERGEANT F. CONNOLLY, *U.S. Marine Corps, at the Church of Our Lady, St. John's Wood.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

PRIVATE STANNARD, A.T.S.—*for her promptitude and courage in jumping, great-coated, into a swift stream to save a non-swimming friend.*

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL presented PRIVATE STANNARD, A.T.S., with the Royal Humane Society's Certificate for prompt bravery. She saved the life of another A.T.S. member, a non-swimmer, by plunging fully dressed in the dark into a fast-running river to rescue her companion, who had fallen from her bicycle after losing her balance. Both girls were wearing their great-coats.

FLYING OFFICER D. H. GREAVES *(right) and* WARRANT OFFICER F. M. ROBBINS—*for filling the desert with music from a very Heath Robinson gramophone.*

THE 609 SQUADRON, R.A.F.—*for having a Wing Commander Goat who must be saluted every morning.*

FLYING OFFICER D. H. GREAVES, D.F.C., R.A.F.V.R., and 2nd WARRANT OFFICER F. M. ROBBINS, R.A.F., pilot and observer, both won the D.F.C. in North Africa for outstanding skill, high courage and excellent teamwork. Our photograph shows them in the desert playing a gramophone, ingeniously-contrived, hand-made, and worthy of Heath Robinson at his most imaginative.

THESE PUNTERS—*for going water-borne to the races—by Thames instead of by taxi.*

WING COMMANDER W. GOAT is the mascot of the famous 609 SQUADRON, R.A.F., who fly our newest fighters. It is considered most unlucky to disobey the Order of the Day to salute him every day. The Wing Commander is very smartly got up, with striped horns, and a scarf which suggests that he has three enemy 'planes to his credit.

A GOOD deal of the spare time of LIEUT.-COLONEL A. R. HAMILTON, Royal Army Pay Corps, and MAJOR THE REV. P. W. CATO, Army Chaplain, is spent in entertaining their troops. These two officers are expert dance-band musicians. Colonel Hamilton plays the saxophone, and the Chaplain plays the trumpet. The latter worked with many top-line bands before the war.

RACEGOERS to the opening of the "flat" at Windsor had, owing to petrol and transport restrictions, to travel in any way they could contrive, and many an old brougham and landau saw the light again after years of suppression. Windsor promenade was busy, too, with punters making the course by rowing-boat, as can be seen from our photograph.

THE COLONEL *and* THE PADRE—*for treating the troops to a two-man band.*

LORD LOTHIAN AND HIS FIANCÉE.

The marriage of the MARQUESS OF LOTHIAN *to* MISS ANTONELLA (TONI) NEWLAND, *daughter of Major-General Sir Foster Newland, K.C.M.G., C.B., and of Mrs. Carr, of Ditchingham Hall, Norfolk, has been fixed for Thursday, April 29, at Brompton Oratory. Lord Lothian, who succeeded his kinsman, the late Marquess, who was British Ambassador to the United States, in 1940, is in the Scots Guards. He was born in 1922, and is the elder son of the late Captain Andrew William Kerr, R.N. Lord Lothian is the twelfth Marquess. His country seats are Monteviot, Ancram, Roxburghshire, and Melbourne Hall, Derby. Miss Newland is a charming and gifted young girl, who speaks several languages fluently.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL TANQUÉRAY.

WAR WORK EXTRAORDINARY:

Spring, summer, autumn or winter hues applied as required for scale models of the countryside: W.V.S. workers hard at it in the paint-room.

On these pages we illustrate a remarkable form of skilled war work. About a year ago the War Office required scale model maps, and approached Miss Lindsay Gladstone, an artist, who recruited a W.V.S. staff. As the models had to be rolled up for easy transport, she decided to use three materials only—hessian sacking, for the foundation, with movable blocks of wood to represent houses, buildings and bridges; and paint. The model landscapes represent various parts of the world under summer and winter conditions, and are made in various scales. There are some fifty types. The average size is 8 ft. by 6 ft., though some are

[*Continued opposite.*

Finishing touches to a scale model landsca... session, dealing ...

Afforestation department! W.V.S. volunteer workers constructing "trees" for "planting" as required on the mat landscapes. This is highly skilled work.

Putting the bridges and houses in place: ... with chimneys and ...

N.B. A Coloured plate is inserted in this issue.

W.V.S. LANDSCAPE-MAKERS.

MISS LINDSAY GLADSTONE *(nearest camera) drawing the lay-out for a mat model landscape, working from her own painted design which she holds in her hand.*

Continued.]
15 ft. by 30 ft. They are made for instructional purposes, and one of their uses is connected with the training of airmen. Each volunteer worker has her own speciality. One concentrates on haystacks and trees; others on hills, copses, ploughed fields, allotments, hedges, rivers or houses. Fields of cabbages are made by French knots, and so are allotment gardens; the effect of ploughed fields is obtained by lines of machine stitching, and railway tracks are made by grey stitches on brown hessian tracks. Lakes and rivers are painted and varnished. The larger mats take two months of patient and inventive work.

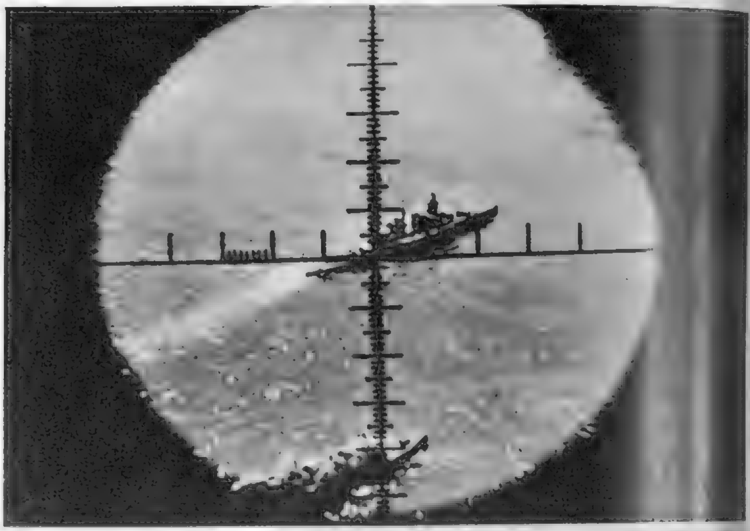
PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.

d, by the War (...)ice: workers at an outdoor e intricate detail.

are neatly made of wood, and are complete oors and windows.

Achieving ridge and furrow effects with machine stitching; two skilled workers preparing strips of hessian to represent ploughed fields and pasture-land.

'PLANE v. BATTLESHIP: MODEL-MADE "AIR FORCE" THRILLS.



Three thrilling shots from "AIR FORCE," *new film recording American achievements in the Pacific battle of the Coral Sea and elsewhere. The top picture shows a wounded 'plane coming down in flames; the centre, a transport sinking while her load of troops escape by lifeboat; and the bottom, the sinking of the burning vessel, with a rescue ship standing by. The pictures look convincingly real, but were made in the studio from models. Other sequences were shot on location.*

Right: The top picture of these three shows a view through the bomb-sight of an attacking 'plane, with the bomber right on his target; the centre still shows one bomber coming down in flames, but the warship has been hit hard; and the bottom photograph is a spectacular shot of a terrific explosion after a direct hit on an enemy vessel with a heavy bomb. Though made in the studio with models, these pictures are faithful portrayals of the real thing.

"AIR FORCE," new Warner Brothers picture made with the full co-operation of the War Department, was due at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on April 16. The "Mary Ann," one of Boeing's famous B-17's, or Flying Fortresses, is the heroine of a wonderful drama of air warfare over Pearl Harbour, Wake Island and the Coral Sea. The story records the log of the "Mary Ann" from the time she leaves Mather Field, San Francisco, on December 6, 1941, on a routine flight. She is caught without ammunition by the sneak attack on Pearl Harbour, makes an emergency landing at a secret field, and goes undaunted through the stress and storms of war, giving a magnificent account of herself. The crew are: John Ridgely, Gig Young, John Garfield, Arthur Kennedy, Charles Drake, Harry Carey and George Tobias, Ray Montgomery and Ward Wood.

EPIC YANKEE FLYING FILM WITH A BOEING-17 AS HEROINE.

The FLYING FORTRESS "MARY ANN," *heroine of the film* "AIR FORCE," *takes off from one of the badly-bombed airfields.*

Desperate jungle battle against Japanese aircraft: ARTHUR KENNEDY *and* GIG YOUNG *as Lieut. Martin and Lieut. Williams.*

ON our facing page we give sequences made by studio models for "Air Force," new Warner Brothers First National picture. Here the stills from the same film were taken on location, where a jungle was transported ten miles outside Tampa. The real jungle offered no footing for bombers, so it was just moved! The "heroine" of this authentic war story is a Flying Fortress called "Mary Ann," a symbol of the hope, faith and courage of the crew. When General H. H. Arnold, Chief of the U.S. Army Air Forces, offered Government co-operation in shooting he stipulated for truth. "Tell how the Japs laced hell out of us at first," he said to Director Hawks. "Then tell how we struck back..."

No glamour girl, but star of the great new picture "Air Force": "MARY ANN," *the Boeing-17 Bomber.*

Enemy 'plane overhead: American A.-A. gunner prepares to attack the Japanese machine which is zooming aloft.

Desperate battle scene: American soldiers advancing to their objectives under fierce fire.

GREAT LITTLE NEW YORK KID: ENTERPRISING "JUNIOR MISS."

Fuffy (PEGGY CUMMINS) and Judy are precocious enough to pretend to be immersed in a game of cards, while waiting for Barlow (DONALD McLEOD) and Haskell Cummings (PETER MILLER STREET) to call for them.

"JUNIOR MISS," at the Saville Theatre, is an American comedy based on stories by Sally Benson. It 's a gay, farcical affair dealing with the sophisticated outlook of Judy Graves, thirteen-year-old New Yorker and her little friends. Judy's exploits nearly wreck her parents' marriage, and ruin her father's business prospects, but by a surprise twist her activities turn out to have been all for the best! The child impersonation given by Miss Joan White is outstanding.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN VICKERS.

Eavesdropping Judy (JOAN WHITE; *right*) *hears her elders in angry conference: J. B. Curtis* (DOUGLAS STEWART), *Harry* (RONALD WARD), *Uncle Willis* (FRANK LEIGHTON), *Grace* (LINDA GRAY), *Ellen* (BETTY MARSDEN) (*l. to r.*).

J. B. Curtis, Harry Graves, Judy and (right) Grace, astonished to hear of the marriage of Uncle Willis and Ellen, which, however, the precocious Judy has engineered.

Fuffy, having had a sophisticated grown-up manicure, displays her hands to Judy and Lois (PEGGY SIMSON).

Judy, wearing the superb high-heeled satin slippers which she has been given at Christmas, shows them off to her little friend Fuffy.

Giggling little girls, with a very sophisticated outlook: JOAN WHITE *and* PEGGY CUMMINS *as Judy Graves and Fuffy Adams, the "awful children."*

All grown-up dignity gone! The lovely shoes were too tight and Judy kicks them off and becomes a little girl again, nursing her constricted toes.

CAROL RAYE plays *Frou-Frou in the revival of "The Merry Widow," at His Majesty's. Her dressing-room is papered with congratulatory greetings telegrams from friends.*

Slipping into one of the gay, spangled dance dresses she wears as Frou-Frou: a dressing-room picture of Carol Raye.

FROU-FROU ON THE STAGE AND IN THE DRESSING ROOM.

THE revival of Franz Lehar's musical comedy, "The Merry Widow" at His Majesty's gives Carol Raye the opportunity of doing some excellent dancing as Frou-Frou. The part has been specially embellished for her, and in addition to the dance which she and her partner, Leo Franklyn, give in the third act to the well-known "Gold and Silver" waltz, she has a second-act number, "I'm Only a Simple Girl," with lyric by Eric Maschwitz, and a tune based on Lehar's "Gigolette." Cyril Ritchard and Madge Elliott are the Danilo and Sonia of the revival.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEYSTONE.

Carol Raye and Leo Franklyn as Frou-Frou and Nisch in one of their dance numbers.

How to ensure that her eyelashes shall curl devastatingly: Carol Raye operates an American beauty gadget.

"OSCAR" INVESTITURE NIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD: GREAT STAR-SPANGLED PRESENTATION BANQUET.

CHARLES BOYER *(right) and his wife,* PAT PATTERSON.

DOROTHY LAMOUR *and* CAPTAIN WILLIAM HOWARD

TYRONE POWER, *in the uniform of the United States Marine Corps, in which he is serving; with his wife,* ANNABELLA.

"Oscar" winners congratulate each other: GREE *for the two be*

JAMES CAGNEY, *awarded the "Oscar" for his performance as George M. Cohan in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," with* MRS. CAGNEY.

GARY COOPER *presents* LIEUT. VAN HEFLIN *with his award for his work in "Johnny Eager," the best male performance in a supporting rôle.*

NORMA SHEARER, *in a coat of glittering sequins.*

RONALD COLMAN, *with* MRS. RONALD COLMAN.

THE fifteenth annual Awards Dinner of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences was held in Hollywood at the Ambassador Hotel, and attended by 1500 leading screen personalities. "Oscars" were presented to Greer Garson for the best female performance of 1942 in the title-rôle of "Mrs. Miniver" (which was hailed as the best-written film); to James Cagney for his outstanding performance as George M. Cohan in "Yankee Doodle Dandy"; and to Van Heflin for his work in "Johnny Eager," the best by a supporting actor. Other awards were the best directing to Major William Wyler (now serving in England), and Teresa Wright, the best supporting actress. Dorothy Lamour came to the dinner with Captain W. R. Howard, U.S. Army Air Corps. Her marriage to him was fixed for April 6.

GARSON *and* JAMES CAGNEY, *awarded the statuettes* *performances.*

INGRID BERGMAN, *who is seen on another page in costume for her new film, "Saratoga Trunk," with producer* DAVID O. SELZNICK.

RITA HAYWORTH, *just seen with Fred Astaire in "You Were Never Lovelier," at dinner, next to* GENERAL RALPH COUSINS.

JOAN FONTAINE *(r.), last year's winner, gives* GREER GARSON *her award for the best female performance of the year in "Mrs. Miniver."*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

THE author of "Escape" has written another novel, with a somewhat similar theme. But this time Miss Vance's scene is laid in a Breton village in France—Occupied France. There is more than one flash-back; we have a glimpse of Paris on the eve of the German occupation, another of the roads to the south, crowded with refugees and made hideous by German bombers. But as the suspense increases the action tends more and more to be confined to the country house in which M. André Galle, his daughter and his son, are living. Françoise, aged twenty-five, is the heroine of the story; Blaise, her eighteen-year-old brother, is one of its heroes, but there are several of these—Simon, for instance, the American painter with whom Françoise has been half in love, and Maurice, the family servant, convicted of murder before the last war, a discontented impertinent fellow with the heart of a lion. Another important character, not exactly a hero, is Edouard Schneider, a high functionary in the Vichy Government. A close friend of the family, and for many years Françoise's not quite rejected suitor, he has been at once their good angel and their evil genius, pulling them out of many a hole, but, in doing so, robbing them of vitality, sincerity and independence. On André his influence had been the most unfortunate, for André, socialist, pacifist and ex-Minister, was fast losing his faith in human nature and had no resistance to offer to Edouard's specious and cynical collaborationism.

They had called him in now because of a local crisis. A German sergeant had been shot, and twenty hostages were to be executed within three days unless the culprit was discovered. Edouard, they vaguely felt, would be able to avert the calamity, and though they were near to hating him, they clung to him.

A Baffling Book. "Reprisal" is for many reasons a baffling story. First, because the situation of France, which the situation at Rusquec is designed to illustrate, is baffling in itself, and, secondly, because Miss Vance adopts a scrupulous objectivity of treatment which excludes simplifications and short cuts to understanding. The tension is tremendous; every wire twangs, but each gives out a different note, and there is no harmonising principle except hatred of what the Germans stand for, and that is more often implied than expressed. What the characters feel has usually to be inferred from what they say—and they are extremely laconic—and from their acts and gestures, which nearly always express deep agitation but are not in other ways very revealing. When Françoise says to Edouard, "I had no luck with Simon. That love never took a real shape. I tried hard to make it come to life, but I couldn't do it," she does not altogether forestall the reader's criticism; for even when that love is represented as becoming real, it does not appear to be more than a heightened awareness of the nervous system. Miss Vance, it seems to me, does not make the use she might of the omniscience allowed to the novelist. Her writing is of the highest quality; she is among the best novelists we have; but she rejects so much in the way of comment and interpretation that her characters tend to be dehumanised. One's admiration for her talent is tremendous, and "Reprisal" does nothing to diminish it; but I think that the austerity of her aesthetic standards, and her reliance on the concrete, her avoidance of the abstract, impoverish her view of life.

At the première of "The Quest," new Sadler's Wells ballet at the New Theatre were three distinguished figures: (l. to r.), MR. EDWIN EVANS, *music critic;* MR. CONSTANT LAMBERT, *composer and Sadler's Wells conductor, and* MR. OSBERT SITWELL, *poet, essayist, writer, and critic of our times. Two pictures of the ballet are on "Cinema Cameos" page.*

Symbolic Stories. Baroness Blixen's "Winter's Tales" are scarcely less fantastic than Shakespeare's, and, like his, they take place at an indeterminate period of history. Nominally it is in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, roughly the period of the author's "Gothic Tales," and now and then you come across a reference to contemporary happenings which would almost supply a date. But really their action is independent of historic time; they are legendary, even when peopled by young men in evening dress wearing carnations in their button-holes, or by successful authors searching their minds for the subject of a new book. Though they contain plenty of realistic details, they are not only romantic but definitely anti-realistic in spirit. Like so much Scandinavian literature, even the superficially realistic plays of Ibsen, they are impregnated with symbolism; nearly every story is accompanied by undertones and overtones at least as important to the author's intention as the narrative itself.

All the greatest works of art are allegorical in the sense that they imply more than they state, and illuminate human nature everywhere, not one particular instance of it at one particular period; and I find the allegorical element in these stories fascinating. I should be at a loss to say exactly what is "meant," say, in "Peter and Rosa," when the two children perish on the ice-floe, or what "lesson" the Persian prince in "A Consolatory Tale" learnt from his conversation with the beggar who impersonated him. How tantalising it is: the fog swirls and lifts, and we become aware of a shape and are beginning to trace its outlines when it suddenly thickens again, and we are left with a half-formed thought, a vivid, incomplete impression like the tail end of a dream. In the best, richest, and most moving story in the book, "Sorrow-Acre," I felt I got more than a hint of the author's meaning. The lord of the manor sets the mother of a possibly delinquent son in a cruel dilemma: her boy will be set free if she can mow in one day a field that would take an ordinary man three. It seems an act of pure sadism, utterly unrelated to justice; one's heart burns with the indignation of the landowner's nephew, who had returned from abroad full of love for his old home, to find this dreadful drama imminent. And yet at the end we realise how much beauty, spiritual and moral, the horrible affair has given birth to, beauty that but for it could not have existed; and our indignation falters and cools. Human nature (I think the author means us to understand) cannot be confined in a moral strait-jacket, however perfectly designed.

Many Moods. All the stories are imbued with a sense of the mystery of life, but Baroness Blixen is a writer of moods and she does not disdain to reinforce poetry with ingenuity and irony. "The Dreaming Child" is almost pure poetry; but there is much gay and ingenious comedy in "The Invincible Slave-Owners," and in "The Heroine" a superb ironical "twist" which makes this story the most effective in the collection. Its final sentence is unforgettable. The frequent intrusions which worldliness, or, at any rate, knowledge of the world, makes into Baroness Blixen's predominately other-worldly stories give them a curious cachet which can be found nowhere else. Clever they are, but their cleverness is their least obvious quality.

A Clash of Temperaments. Mr. L. T. Shortell, on the other hand, makes no secret of his. Cleverness is not such a common quality that its presence in an author should be discouraged, but, ike make-up on a face, it needs using with discretion, otherwise it detracts from verisimilitude and handicaps imagination.

"Of Mingled Being" is a study in incompatibility of temperament. Ray Halmer, an English painter, young, handsome, susceptible and promiscuous, marries Nicole de Fresnel, daughter of an aristocratic French family, a girl who has the innate puritanism and reserve, and something of the romantic quality, of a Turgenev heroine. Her world centres in her father's château in Normandy; his in the artists' quarter in Paris: the link between the two is Simone, Nicole's confidential friend, a young woman of much experience always ready for more. Mr. Shortell admits that Simone frequently shocked Nicole, but I wonder whether the two ever could really have been friends, having regard to the dissimilarity of their temperaments, and this is rather an important point, because the action of the story—Nicole's progressive estrangement from Ray—in great measure depends on it. Be that as it may, Ray's unbridled animalism, indulged in both recklessly and unluckily—a malignant fate kept bringing fresh news of his infidelities to Nicole's ears—deeply offended her; his mere presence became intolerable to her; and after a stand-up fight with his reigning mistress (a squalid scene very graphically described), she turned more and more to Armand, the irreproachable young soldier whom divorce from Ray would enable her to marry.

Across the thickly peopled scene move a very disagreeable American millionaire, Ray's patron, a highly entertaining caricature; a boisterous but likeable American painter, Ray's friend; and many more. All pull their weight in the story, all are worth watching for their own sakes, for Mr. Shortell is a keen observer, whose glance quickly sharpens into satire. But the situation between Ray and Nicole dominates the book; and this is developed so convincingly that we rather grudge the author the dénouement which, welcome as it is, reverses what seemed to be an inevitable process. Still, this is a noteworthy first novel, and I shall look forward to its successor.

Crime in Paris. Although Paris in peacetime is the scene of "No Light Came On," from the first page there is a sense of tension which does much to destroy the carefree gaiety that the name once conjured up. Miss Campbell plunges us straight into a sea of crime, taking care that the voyage shall be stormy and the heroine's dangers numerous and heart-contracting. Great though her capacity is for surviving brutal attacks upon her person, even so, it is taxed to the uttermost. But if she was unlucky to enter a household where evil passions eddied and swirled under a commonplace surface, at any rate Providence had a final *bonne bouche* in store for her.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Reprisal. By Ethel Vance. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)
Winter's Tales. By Karen Blixen. (*Putnam; 8s. 6d.*)
Of Mingled Being. By L. T. Shortell. (*Rich and Cowan; 8s. 6d.*)
No Light Came On. By Alice Campbell. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

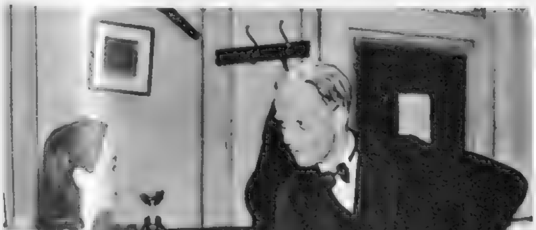
The Housemaster, Charles Donkin (THE REV. C. BACHE; right), interrupts Chris (S./O. J. BRADLEY) and Rosemary (A.C.W. I. P. ADE), who are dressing for the party, with Matron (SERGT. I. FLOWER) in the background.

IAN HAY'S "HOUSEMASTER" BY THE R.A.F.

"Button" Faringdon (L.A.C.W. D. STEEN) and her brother, "Bimbo" (A./A. A. E. DONOVAN), indulge in a feast of purloined pineapple.

Rosemary and Chris arrive at the school, having knocked down Philip (FLIGHT LIEUT. W. A. STEINER). Donkin and Matron complete the group.

Indignation meeting in the Housemaster's study to discuss the ban on going to the local regatta.



The Housemaster, Charles Donkin, giving some paternal advice to Rosemary Faringdon.

IAN HAY'S well-known comedy, "HOUSEMASTER," was recently presented by an R.A.F. dramatic society, the cast being all members of the R.A.F. or W.A.A.F. The play was produced by Padre Bache and A.C.W. Ade, and the Station Orchestra played at each performance.

The Housemaster, with Rosemary and Chris Faringdon, his two fascinating young girl guests.

CORROBORATIVE EVIDENCE.*

By ANGELA PAULL.

HE was not the kind of man one would notice in the ordinary way. The rather dusty, old-fashioned overcoat, hanging loosely on his spare frame, the bowler hat, a little smaller than is usual nowadays, the neat black tie and carefully pressed blue trousers, might have belonged to any one of the hundreds of City clerks who travel to and from the suburbs every day. A little, shabby old man, who had somehow let life slip by without the courage to reach out and twist its tail.

As I say, he was not a man one would notice in the ordinary way, and I threw him no more than a glance as I entered the carriage and settled down with my book.

It was an absorbing story, and I had been looking forward to reading it, but somehow that morning I found I could not concentrate. My thoughts would stray, and the words ran together into a meaningless series of lines which my eyes followed automatically, but which my brain refused to understand.

Usually the most unimaginative of men, I felt ill at ease, and all sorts of weird memories came crowding unbidden to my mind.

Myself a small boy, alone at the top of a tall, dark house, crouching shivering under the bedclothes whilst the wind, howling and moaning outside, awoke fearsome echoes in the old boards of my room—the story of a brutal murder, hardly understood at the time and long since forgotten—the death of a favourite dog and my subsequent despair. These and many other episodes of a similar nature belonging to my distant childhood passed in quick succession before my mind's eye, worrying me by their persistency and adding to my growing apprehension.

It was then that I chanced to look at my fellow-passenger. He was sitting well forward on his seat, the old-fashioned bowler still on his head. His eyes, partly hidden by heavy lids, were fixed unblinkingly on my face, and, as our eyes met and held, I understood the cause of my strange discomfort.

"Excuse me, Sir," he began slowly. "Do you believe in ghosts?"

His voice was cultured and very deep, belying his small stature, and held no trace of that apologetic note which his appearance automatically led one to expect.

It was an extraordinary question to ask a total stranger, yet, at the time, I found nothing odd in such behaviour. There was something about the little man which compelled me to give my full attention to what he was saying, and not answer with a curt "Of course not," which would have been my normal reaction to such an obvious piece of fatuity. Instead, I found myself really wondering if perhaps I did believe in ghosts; if I had not unconsciously believed in them all my life and had only deluded myself into thinking that their existence was the figment of a diseased mind, and as such to be ridiculed by all sane men.

Like most people, I have a deep-rooted fear of the unknown—a fear which is never admitted and never willingly discussed. I was therefore surprised to hear myself answering, civilly enough, I hope, that I wasn't sure.

"Ah!" exclaimed my companion, and I thought I detected a faint note of surprise in his voice. "It is indeed rare in these days for a young man to admit the possible existence of something about which he is not sure. I congratulate you."

There was no hint of irony in the quiet words, and yet I felt as if I, and through me my whole generation, had been rebuked. The stranger was still staring at me, and yet he was looking not so much at as through me; those veiled eyes held mine as if in a vice, and try as I would I could not escape their magnetic power.

How long we remained thus I do not know. To me it seemed an eternity, during which I lost all conscious power of thought.

I only knew that I was waiting for something the nature of which would be revealed to me in due course, and that meanwhile I could not break the spell which was paralysing my mind and body.

"Yes," he went on, as if to himself, "I still find it impossible to decide whether a co-respondent should keep his mouth shut when faced by the husband."

This startling *non sequitur* caused my mouth to drop open in astonishment, but he didn't appear to notice anything unusual. It was obvious he expected no comment.

"Many years ago," he began, "just how long is of no account, two men, strangers to each other, were travelling over this same route. They had the carriage to themselves, just as we have to-day, and, like us, they entered into conversation. Nothing remarkable . . ."

For a moment his words were drowned by the roar of the train passing through a cutting, then we came out into open country again and the wheels settled down to their monotonous chant.

". . . just two casual acquaintances whiling away the tedium of a railway journey," the little man was saying.

"It was the younger of the two who started the argument," he went on sadly. "A question of principle . . . whether a husband is justified in divorcing his wife if he finds she has been unfaithful to him, or whether he should allow her her freedom by faking the evidence so as to put himself in the wrong.

"The older man held the alternative to be the only behaviour open to a gentleman.

"The argument, I am sorry to say, grew somewhat acrimonious; each man defending his point of view with noisy vehemence.

"And here let me add, the situation developed in an unexpectedly personal way. The young man had but recently discovered his wife's unfaithfulness and was even then on his way to try and establish the identity of the co-respondent.

"His companion, on the other hand, who had listened with close attention, even catching a familiar name during the unfolding of the sordid story, had come to the awful conclusion that he was face to face with the man he had wronged.

"An unfortunate state of affairs, my dear Sir, and one in which I venture to hope you may never find yourself."

The little man stopped and a faint sigh escaped him.

"I trust I am not boring you?" he ventured.

I shook my head in instant denial, but I doubt if he even saw me, his question was so obviously the outcome of a naturally courteous nature rather than a desire to know my reaction to his story. He resumed almost immediately.

"Now, what was the older man to do? He could not leave the train, for it was a non-stop; he could not change his compartment, for there were no corridors in those days. Was he to declare himself, or was he simply to take refuge in silence? That, surely, would have been the wisest course. But no! He never could leave well alone, but must needs make matters worse by a misplaced sense of honour.

"He always was a silly little man.

"So he introduced himself—he even contrived to sound apologetic, as if the whole affair was a mistake and not of his seeking.

"The young husband, however, having already worked himself up into a fine rage, lost all sense of proportion and sprang at his companion, clutching him by the throat and shaking him like a terrier does a rat. He was by far the stronger, but the older man put up a good fight—a fight born of desperation.

"Neither of them heard the whistle announcing the approach of a tunnel, and even the shock of sudden darkness failed to separate them."

He stopped speaking and slowly looked up at the roof. Puzzled, my eyes followed his, to find him staring at the shattered remains of the single electric-light bulb with which the carriage was provided.

"I see we have no light either," he remarked. "But to continue. Backwards and forwards the two swayed, their breath coming in loud gasps, audible even above the noise of the wheels. Each was trying to throw the other and at the same time retain his own foothold, but youth had the advantage, and the cruel, choking fingers slowly but surely crushed all resistance.

"Suddenly the train gave a violent lurch, hurling both men against the door. By this time the older man was so weak that he barely noticed the slackening of the grip on his throat, and only the support of the door at his back kept him upright."

Once more he broke off, and it was all I could do to stop myself from crying out in my anxiety to know the rest of the story.

His slowness seemed a deliberate cruelty, and my overwrought nerves were strained to their utmost.

"It is a funny thing," he resumed, "but when a man is face to face with death he becomes a fatalist. He no longer cares what happens to him. As he feels life slipping away, all consciousness of physical pain disappears and a sense of peace steals over him, shutting out all fear and overcoming any desire for further struggle. But, as I was saying, it was only the door at his back which prevented him from falling. Then, that too had gone, leaving nothing beyond a mighty rushing sound and final oblivion.

"I was that——"

With a shriek the train plunged into the darkness of the tunnel, and a moment later I became aware of a cold draught.

I waited, not daring to move, still seeing those dark eyes fixed on mine, and with the echo of that last unfinished sentence still ringing in my ears. I waited, in an agony of suspense, for daylight to give the lie to my fears.

It came at last, suddenly, as is its way—and with it silence.

I was alone in the carriage, with both doors and windows tight shut.

THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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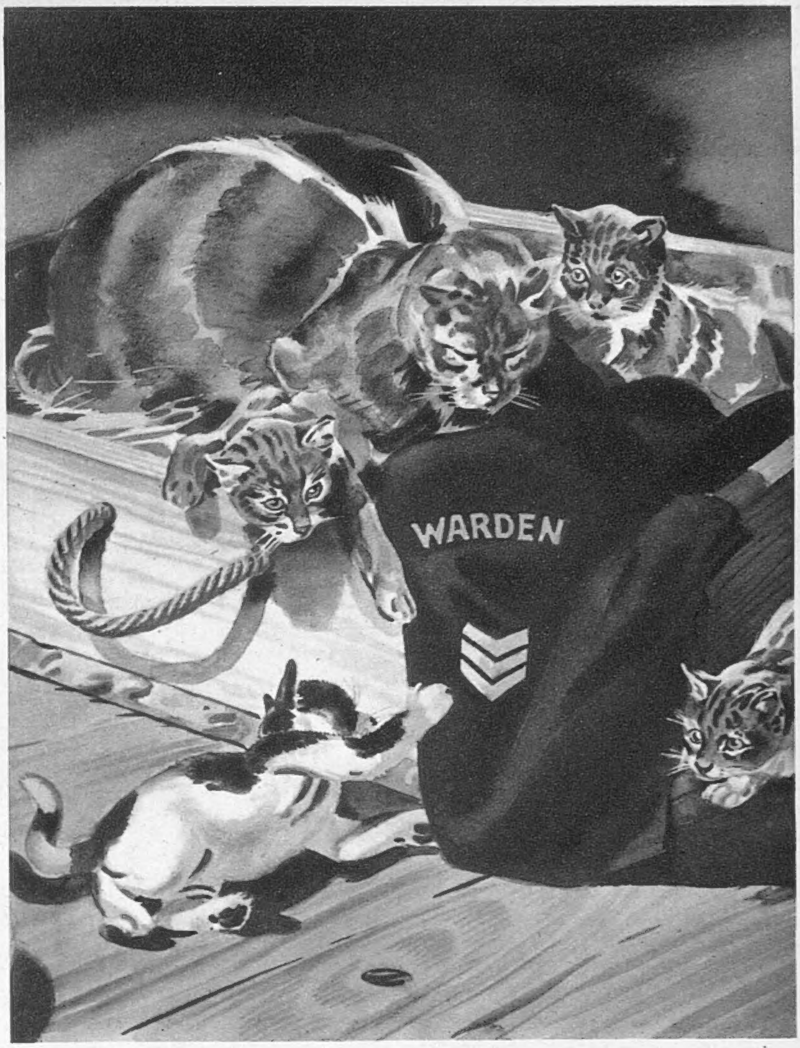

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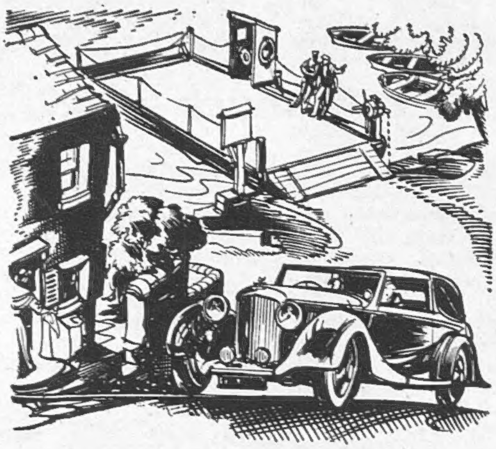

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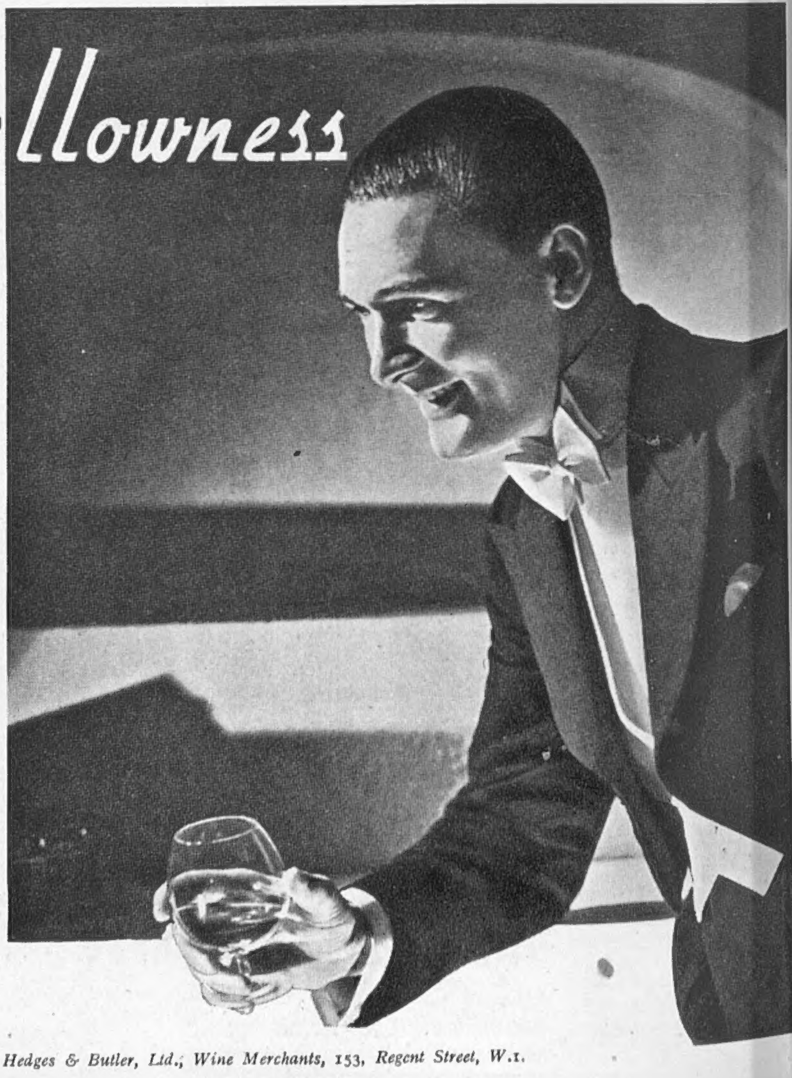

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